

SEEN AND HEARD WHERE DEMOCRATIC BATTLE IS PLANNED

DENNIS, who is gateman on the railroad that crosses Cedar avenue just south of the Hollywood-West End station, got a good look at them the other day, but then Dennis has exceptional opportunities. He likes to tell about it:

"Along comes this big, fine car, and I says to myself, 'It's them!' Out of the tail of my eye I see Dick Halloran still shuttin' box cars at the next siding. 'Dennis, it's not every day you get to hold up the President and his lady,' says I to myself, and with that down goes the gates. I studies them at me leisure.

"There was plenty of leisure, for though I gives Halloran the high sign he doesn't get the idea very quick, being a bit slow in the uptake. But finally he comes trundlin' by with old No. 5 puffin' and blowin' in the asthmatic style that's all her own. Had the President's car been in her way she'd have run them down and there'd have been a horrible tragedy, ye mind. 'Safety-ty first.'

We had a glimpse too. We left Dennis, who grew suspicious when we asked him his other name, and walked a quarter mile due west, past the grounds of the Guggenheim estate, past a glass enclosed bathroom (closed, alas!) and a field where young persons swatted at little white tails with crooked sticks, and came to the place made famous on postcards—Shadow Lawn.

The shadows are numerous enough,

for the broad, rolling lawn is dotted with ornamental shrubbery tortured into fanciful shapes. Watch one of these shadows closely, and it moves! Ah! it's a "Dick." Watch another—another "Dick." The place is full of them—there's a secret service man for every bush, or so it seems.

And that is not all. At the gates sits a uniformed policeman, who passes the time of day with the motorcycle officers trundling by every few minutes, and they in turn bear his greetings to the fixed post cops at the crossings. Whatever shadows there may be on Shadow Lawn, he is assured none of them will be that of a stranger.

So we looked over the prim hedge and between the shrubs, studying the gleaming white mansion. We had come a long way to look, and we took a long look, striving to get our money's worth. And as we watched two figures, dwarfed by the distance to the length of a little finger, moved across the veranda. One was slim, black clad and a little bowed, as by an unseen weight. The other was less in stature, goaded in brown. A door swung open, a door twice the height of the distant figures; it swung shut, the huge glass catching the reflection of the sun. They were gone.

The President goes through Ashbury Park every day on his way to Spring Lake to play golf.

"He doesn't like to be seen," it was explained semi-officially, "but here he must drive faster than in Washington or take a lot of dust."

The natives say he takes precious little dust, if they can judge. A warning horn from up the road, a flash of

dark blue, whizzzzzz! They've passed. In a moment another car darts past, five serious looking, much dressed up men sitting primly in it. On the back a white plate bears the letters "U. S. 8. 8." They are secret service men, whose instructions are to see to it that no car passes the President from behind on the Jersey shore roads these days will, in the classic language of New York, be "some car."

And that is the impression most of the summer folk will carry away of the President and Mrs. Wilson, his constant companion. To be sure, he was greeted at the station when he arrived, and there was a crowd on the lawn for the notification speech. But the President is on his vacation. He has had cares, public and private. He has had no vacation. He wishes to be let alone, and not only the general public but also his friends and those who feel they have a real call on his attention to various matters—all are respecting his wishes.

The campaign? No doubt a good deal of work is going on. No doubt again that Ashbury Park, with the White House offices, and Shadow Lawn, where the President, who is also the candidate, is staying, are taken together, the centre of the Democratic campaign, and in the sense that they are the quarters for the head of the party's hosts they are headquarters.

But there is a singular absence of bustle and fuss. That is how a friend would put it; opponents might even say things looked sleepy. The hustling

and fuss, if any, are in the Forty-second Street Building in New York, and the summer White House. That, again, probably is through design.

"The White House"—the very title carries glamour to the average American. Even the countless cook books, roadhouses, restaurants, hotels and what not that are named "White House" either seriously or facetiously, cannot quite kill this glamour. Therefore a thrill, minute but perceptible nevertheless, on entering the five-story gray stone bank building and turning to the left. For there, in gilt letters on the directory board, is the sign, "The White House—5th."

A deliberate elevator with perplexing doors which open two ways carried us up. The thrill promptly disappears. It is all very ordinary. A chubby, ruddy faced young man with pleasant manners is the official greeter. Outside of opening the important looking black and tan padlocked bags which travel to and from Washington incessantly, and from Ashbury Park to Shadow Lawn, and sorting the Presidential mail which comes direct or else from the capital, he has nothing to do but greet all comers. He greeted us and he did it well.

"Mr. Tumulty will see you presently." We sat in a pleasant but rather bare room, studied the furniture and decided it was just furniture, even though it was shipped up from the other White House, and watched a door. Presently it opened and voices drifted out.

"Now, in the Middle West—" and a raised voice.

"Mr. Tumulty will see you."

We walked in, and Mr. Tumulty did

indeed see us, but he had nothing on us—we saw him, too, the picture of health and efficiency. He was in conference, important presumably, for unimportant folk do not even get as far as the President's secretary, which in turn is a long way from getting to the President.

The conferees were Democrats and they brought tidings from somewhere or other as to how the cause is faring, and that is all we know about them. For, our errand explained, Mr. Tumulty turned us over to an agreeable man with a name that sounded like Mahoney but probably wasn't. He wore a Clinton Club emblem and our consequent hopes that he could explain all about it were well placed.

He told how the Jerseymen leased up the Shadow Lawn and offered its use to the President, who insisted on paying for it the sum—\$2,500—that he has been accustomed to paying for a summer place in New Hampshire. The money incidentally was distributed to Jersey coast charities a few days ago by the committee. Mr. Tumulty arranged for the use of the bank building's fifth floor for executive offices.

And there they are. The day goes something like this: The office force of twelve or fifteen shows up at an early hour and falls to work. There are operators, both telephone and telegraph, and a combination of both, who man a direct telegraph wire to the other White House and a private telephone wire to Shadow Lawn. There are clerks, stenographers, secretaries, under secretaries, factotums and Secretary Tumulty.

The mail in its special bags comes from Washington four or five times

daily besides that which comes direct to Ashbury Park. It is disposed of expeditiously. What can be answered in the summer White House is turned out quickly. The small proportion that the President must himself read goes in a special bag three and a half miles due north to Shadow Lawn.

Charles L. Spenn, the Presidential stenographer, is called to Shadow Lawn either in the morning or in the afternoon and returns laden with notes. But by noon most of the staff is through for the day and Mr. Tumulty is likely as not to be off for a game of tennis.

There is one who stays behind, no matter who else is through. He is a confidential operator. He waits with his headpiece on until from Shadow Lawn he gets word that the President has gone to bed. He is a telegrapher as well and relays the tidings—glad tidings to him no doubt—to Washington, and the day is over.

There are comparatively few callers, but from now on, it is expected, there will be more. Vance McCormick drops in frequently and generally goes on to Shadow Lawn. New Jersey Democratic leaders drop in to see Mr. Tumulty, who is by way of being an authority on Jersey affairs. Democratic national headquarters in the Forty-second Street Building calls up sometimes four and five times a day. There are a few "nuts" and "cranks," of course, but up to date none of them has been even picturesquely, according to the official greeter.

The President's days are alike in that no two of them are arranged on the same schedule. Sometimes he works in the morning and plays golf

in the afternoon, or he plays golf in the morning and works in the afternoon, or he does neither and takes a long motor trip.

But whatever he does Mrs. Wilson is with him. She plays golf and billiards and they do say—this is mere gossip and not from semi-official sources at all—that she beats him now and then.

The President has been in the office only once up to date. He has no room there. He approves of them. So does Mrs. Wilson. But he lets them alone.

Another caller both at the offices and at Shadow Lawn is Albert Sidney Hurst, Postmaster-General and himself something of a political expert, if rumor be true. His family and he have been on the shore all summer.

We hope we are betraying no secret when we remark that the newspaper men detailed to stick on the job at Ashbury Park are having a good time. The fishing is good; the bathing is better. It is "dry" at the Park, but the jinxes run regularly to Long Branch. Life is a long, sweet song, to slow time.

But there they are, one man from each of the press associations and several representing individual papers. There's a nice room well fitted up for them. And when things are dull there are always stories of Mexico from the dean of the corps, who spent many a year down there and whom Nelson (Shanghai) got out of jail by telling Huerta they were first cousins. Things have been dull right along. But something may happen; who knows?

Ah! Here comes one of the six White House cars. Let's see if there's

a piece of news. The chauffeur draws the beautiful blue machine to the curb, it's Presidential emblem gleaming on the doors. But he's a diplomat this chauffeur. Out of him is a look had but one bit of scandal. Here it is for what it is worth: The White House has a "tin Lizzy" among the other and, as it were, blooded motors in the garage at Shadow Lawn.

"You don't say! Who rides in it?" "The baggage."

Ashbury Park doesn't seem to take its hours very seriously. Now and again, it is true, a veteran of the whole season conducts a round table for the corner and points on the highest building in town (fully three feet higher than the newspaper office next to it), calls attention to the five flags flying, not counting the one on the wonderful barber pole up the side street, and says:

"Yes, ma'am. That's the White House just now. The whole fifth floor."

And at the station is, or was, a giant banner with the alleged portraits of the President and his running mate. A little to the north is another banner with faces which must have been Fairbanks and Hobbs, since both awful "mugs" were whiskered and their names were beneath. The local Republican Club isn't to be ashamed by the great presence—not a bit of it. On the top of each of the Republican poles is a nice, clean broom.

Yes, Ashbury Park takes it calmly. "Has it helped business any?" we asked a hotel keeper. "Well," he replied thoughtfully, "it has prolonged the season—the President and the infantile paralysis, both."



SOME ALERT SHADOWS ON SHADOW LAWN.